SYNOPSIS.

David Amber, starting for a duck-shooting visit with his friend, Quain, comes upon a young lady equestrian who has been dismounted by her horse becoming fright-sned at the sudden appearance in the road of a burly Hindu. He declares he is Bahari Lai Chatterii, "The appointed snouthplece of the Beil, addresses Amber as a man of high rank and pressing a systerious little bronze box, "The Tokes," into his hand, disappears in the wood. The girl calls Amber by name. He in turn addresses her as Miss Sophie Farrell, daughter of Col. Farrell of the British diplomatic service in India and visiting the Quains. Several nights later the Quain home is burglarized and the bronze box stolen. Amber and Quain so humling on an island and become lost and Amber is left marconed. He wanders about, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in Eccient, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in Eccient, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in Eccient, finally reaches a cabin and recognizes as its occupant an old friend named Rutton, whom he last met in Eccient and anhese factor Chatterii. He returns wildly excited, eavs he has killed the Hindu, takes poison, and when dying asks Amber to go to India on a mysterious errand. Amber decides to leave at Open India. On the way he sonds a letter to Mr. Labertouche, a scientific friend in Calcutta, by a quicker route. Upon arriving he finds a note awaiting him. It directs Amber to meet his friend at a certain place. The latter tells him he knows his mission is to get Miss Farrell out of the country. Amber attemptate of the Token to a money-lender, is mistaken for Rutton and barely pecapes being motbed. A message from Labertouche causes him to start for Dargeting; on the way he meets Miss Farrell, and at their journey's end asks her to become his wife. A Hindu conducts Amber to a secret place, and into the presence o

CHAPTER XVII. (Continued).

"Haroor," the native quavered in fright, "it was cold upon the water ond you kept me waiting overlong. I landed, seeking shelter from the wind. If your talk was not for mine ears, remember that you used a tongue I did not know."

"So you were listening!" Amber calmed himself. "Never mind. Where's

"I thought to hide it in the rushes. of the hazoor will be patient for a lit-a thought later was digging his knecs the moment . . " The native into the brute's sleek flanks and sawdropped down from the bund and disher saw the boat shoot out from the curve to the steps of the bund.

"Make baste," he ordered, as he Sumped in and took his place. "If I the dusty high road. Amber heard a

"Nay, there is time to spare." Dulla Dad spun the boat round and away. I did but think to anticipate your impatience, knowing that you would as- Have no fear lest he the!"

How did you know?"

shall find but one way to Kathiapur."

that the native was shaping a course almost exactly away from the Raj night. Mahat. "What treachery is this, dog?"

"Be not mistrustful of your slave, hazoor," whined the native. "I do the bidding of those before whose will I am as a leaf in the wind. It is an order that I land you on the bund of the royal summer pavilion, by the northern shore of the lake. There will pedestal of some mammoth column, its you find one waiting for you, my

He landed on the steps of the bund and waited for Dulia Dad to join him; but when, hearing a splash of the paddie, he looked round, it was to find that the native had already put a considerable distance between himself and the shore. Amber called after him angrily, and Dulla Dad rested upon his paddle.

"Nay, heaven-born!" he replied. "Here doth my responsibility end, Another will presently appear to be your guide. Go you up to the jungly path eading from the bund."

e Virginian lifted his shoulders indifferently, and ascended to discover the cup of romance; there remained a wide footpath running inland between dark walls of shrubbery, but single-handed, was to pit his wits quite descried. He stopped with a and left. "What the deuce!" he said aloud. "Is this another of their confounded tricks?"

A low and marvelously sweet laugh counded at his elbow, and he turned escape. ith a start and a flutter of his pulses. "Narainit" he cried.

"Tell me not thou art disappointed. O my king!" she said, placing a soft hand firmly upon his arm. "Didst lurid star of emerald light suspended thou hope to meet another here?"

"Nay, how should I expect thee?" His voice was gentle though he steeled his heart against her fascinations: for now he had use for her. "Had Dulla Dad conveyed me to the palace, then I should have rememberd thy promise to ride with me to Kathiapur. But, being brought to this

"Then thou didst wish to ride with sinister suggestion. . . . have it be, Lord of my Heart. By this enough, but their control of it, . have I proven thee, for thou hast con- If there were enough wind, I'd suspect sented to approach the Gateway, not a kite. . . altogether because the Voice hath moned thee, but likewise, I think,

Nay, but tell me, King of my Soul, did it not leap a little at the thought

of meeting me?" With a quick gesture she threw her veil aside and lifted her incomparably fair face to his, and he was conscious that he trembled a little, and that his voice shook as he answered evasively: "Thou shouldst know, Range."

"Thou wilt not draw back in the end?" Her arms clipped him softly about the neck and drew his head down so that her breath was fragrant in his face, her lips a sweet peril beneath his own, "Thou wilt brave whatever may be prepared for thy testing, for the sake of Naraini, who awaits thee beyond the Cateway. O my Beloved?"

"I shall not be found wanting." Lithe as a snake, she slipped from his arms. "Nay, I trust thee not!" she laughed, a quiver of tenderness in her merriment. "Let my lips be mine alone until thou hast proven thyself worthy of them." She raised her voice, calling: "Ohe, Runjit Singh!"

The cry rang bell-clear in the stillness, and its silver echo had not died before it was answered by one who stepped out of the black shadow of a spreading banian, some distance away, and came toward them, leading three horses. As the moonlight fell upon him, Amber recognized the uniform the man wore as that of the imperial household guard of Khandawar, while the horses seemed to be stallions he had seen in the palace yard, with another but little their inferior in mettle

or beauty. "Now," announced the woman in tones of deep contentment, "we will

ride!" She turned to Amber, who took her up in his arms and set her in the saddle of one of the stallions.

The sowar surrendered to Amber the reins of the other stallion and stepped hastily aside. The Virginian took the saddle with a flying leap, and into the brute's sleek flanks and sawing on the bits, while the path flowed appeared into the reedy tangle of the beneath him, dappled with moonlight take shore. A minute or so later Amand shadow, like a ribbon of graygreen silk, and trees and shrubbery shore and swing in a long, graceful streaked back on either hand in a rush of melting blacks and grays.

Swerving acutely, the path ran into have kept you waiting, as you say, rush of hoofs behind him, and then then I am late." slowly the gauze-wrapped figure of the queen drew alongside.

"Maro! Let him run, my king! The way is not far for such as he.

"Ah, you knew that, Dulla Dad? wrought with the reins until his mount comprehended the fact that he "I, hazeor? Who am I to know had met a master and, moderating his ught? . . . Nay, this have I first furious burst of speed, settled ard"—he paused cunningly: "'You down into a league-devouring stride, crest low, limbs gathering and stretch-Amber, restizing that he had invited lng, with the elegant precision of this insolence, was fair enough not to clockwork. His rider, regaining his resent it, and held his peace until he poise, found time to look about him ald no longer be blind to the fact and began to enjoy, for all his cares, this wild race through the blue-white

They circled finally a great, round, he demanded. "This is not the grassless hillside, and pulled rein in the notch of a gigantic V formed by two long, prow-like spurs running out upon a plain whose sole, vague boundary was the vast are of the horizon.

Before them loomed dead Kathlapur, an island of stone girdled by the shallow silver river. Like the rugged reins to the sowar, who had dismount ter of the vanishing bridge must have cliffs rose sheer threescore feet from the water's edge to the foot of the outermost of its triple walls. From the notch in the hills a great stone causeway climbed with a long and easy grade to the level of the first great gate, spanning the chasm over the river by means of a crazy wooden bridge.

A gasp from the woman and an oath from the sowar startled Amber out of somber apprehensions into which he had been plunged by contemplation of this impregnable fortress of desolation. Gone was his lust for peril, gone his high, heedless joy of adventure, gone the intoxication which had been his who had drunk deep of only the knowledge that he, alone and against the invisible and mighty whistle of vexation, peering to right forces that lurked in hiding within those walls, to seem to submit to their designs and so find his way to the woman of his love, tear her from the grasp of the unseen, and with her

Naraini had, indeed, no need to ery aloud or clutch his hand in order to apprise him that the Eye was vigilant, He himself had seen it break forth, a

high above the dark heart of the city. Slowly, while they watched the star descended, foot by foot, dropping its age-old desuctude had come to deuntil the topmost pinnacle of a hidden temple semed to support it; and there it rested, throbbing with light,

now bright, now dull. Amber shook himself impatiently. "Silly charlantry!" he muttered, irritated by his own susceptibility to its there were pitfalls to be avoided. me?" She nodded approval and satis- to know how they manage it, though; faction. "That is altogether as I would the light itself's comprehensible

"Thou art not dismayed, my king?" He laughed, not quite as successful- it with mistrust. Doubtless in the old-

mind. "What's the next turn on the program?"

"I like not that tone, nor yet that tongue." The woman shivered. "Even as the Eye seeth, my lord, so doth the Ear hear. Is it meet and wise to speak with levity of that in whose power thou shalt shortly be?"

"Perhaps not," he admitted, thoughtfully. "'In whose power I shall shortly be.' . . . Well, of course!" "And thou wilt go on? Thou art not mind to withdraw thy hand?" "Not so that you'd notice it, Na-

"For the sake of the reward Naraini offers thee?" she persisted dangerously.

"I don't mind telling you that you'd turn 'most any man's head, my dear," he said, cheerfully, and let her interpret the words as she pleased.

She was not pleased, for her acquaintance with English was more intimate than she had chosen to admit; but if she felt any chagrin she dissimulated with her never-falling art. 'Then bld me farewell, O my soul, and go!"

"Up there?" he inquired, lifting his brows.

"Aye, up the causeway and over the bridge, into the city of death." "Alone?"

"Aye, alone and afoot, my king." "Pleasant prospect, thanks." Amthen, when I get up there-?" "One will meet thee. Go with him.

fearing naught." "And what will you do, meanwhile?" "When thou shalt have passed the Gateway, my lord, Naraini will be waiting for thee."

tongue which seemed somehow better troop of warriors but light enough to of dwellings, palaces of marble and suited for service in combating the es- be easily drawn up, had extended stone, tombstones and mausoleums oteric influences at work upon his across the chasm, rendering the city with meaner houses of sun-dried brick impregnable from capture by assault. If so, it had long since been replaced by an airy and well-ventilated latticework of boards and timbers, none of which seemed to the wary eye any too sound. Amber selected the most solidlooking of the lot and gingerly advanced a pace or two along it. With a soft crackling a portion of the timber crumbled to dust beneath his feet. He retreated hastily to the causeway. and swore, and noticed that the Eye was watching him with malevolent interest, and swore some more. Entirely on impulse he heaved a bit of rock, possibly twenty pounds in weight, to the middle of the structure. There followed a splintering crash and the contraption dissolved like a magic-lantern effect, leaving a solitary beam about a foot in width and six or eight inches thick, spanning a flight of twenty and a drop of sixty feet. The river received the rubbish with several successive splashes, distinctly disconcerting, and Amber sat down on a boulder to think it over. "Clever invention," he mused;

their minds about wanting me. I've

a notion to change mine." There seemed to be no possibility of turning back at that stage, however. Kuttarpur was rather far away, and, moreover, he doubted if he would be permitted to return. Having come thus far, he must go on. Moreover, Sophia Farrell was on the other side of that Swordwide bridge, and such being the case, cross it he would though he were to find the next world at its end. Finally he considered that he was presently to undergo an ordeal "Very well." Amber threw a leg of some unknown nature, probably ex-

Came Toward Them Leading Three Horses.

over the crupper, handed the stallion's | tremely unpleasant, and that this matfeet.

Naraini nodded to the sowar, who led the animal away. When he was out of earshot the woman leaned from the saddle, her glorious eyes to Amber's. "My king!" she breathed intensely. But the thought of Sophia Farrell

and what she might be suffering at that very moment was uppermostobtruded itself like a wall between himself and the woman.

"Goodnight, my dear," he said aminbly; and, turning, made off toward the foot of the causeway.

When he had gained it, he looked back to see her riding off at a wide angle from the causeway, heading out into the plain. When he looked again, some two or three minutes later. Naraini, the sowar, and the horses had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened to receive them. rubbed his eyes, stared and gave it

So he was alone! . . . With shrug, he plodded on.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Hooded Death

The causeway down which the horsemen of forgotten kings of Khandawar had clattered forth to war, in cay. Between its great paving blocks grass sprouted, and here and there creepers and even trees had taken root and in the slow immutable process of their growth had displaced considerable masses of stone; so that "I'd like Otherwise a litter of rubble made the walking anything but good. Amber picked his way with caution, grumbling.

After some three-quarters of hour of hard climbing he came to the sause thine own heart urged thee. If as he could have wished, and, "Not en time a substantial but movable

ed and drawn near and dropped to his been arranged in order to put him in a properly subdued and tractable frame of mind.

He got up and tested the remaining girder with circumspection and incredulity; but it semed firm enough, solidly embedded in the stonework of the causeway and immovable at the city end. So he straddled it and, averting his eyes from the scenery beneath him, hitched ingloriously across, collecting splinters and a very distinct impression that, as a vocation, knight-errantry was not without its drawbacks.

When again he stood on his feet he was in the shadow of the outer gateway, the curtain of the second wall confronting him.

Casting about, he discovered the second gateway at some distance to the left, and started toward it, forcing a way through a tangle of scrubby undergrowth, weeds and thorny acacla, but had taken few steps ere a heavy splash in the river below brought him up standing, with a thumping heart. After an irresolute moment he turned back to see for himself, and found his apprehension only too well grounded; the swordwide bridge was gone, displaced by an agency which had been prompt to seek cover-though he confessed himself unable to suggest where that cover had been found.

He gave it up, considering that it were futile to badger his wits for the how and the wherefore. The important fact remained that he was a prisoner in dead Kathiapur, his retreat cut off, and- Here he made a second discovery, infinitely more shocking: his pistol was gone.

Turning back at length, he made his way to the second gateway and from it to the third, under the lewdly sculptured arch of which he stopped and gasped, forgetting as for the first time Kathiapur the Fallen was rewooden bridge, and halted, surveying vealed to him in the awful beauty of its naked desolation.

A wide and stately avenue stretched

and rubble, roofless all and disintegrating in the alow, terrible process of the years.

As Amber moved forward small, alert ghosts rose from the undergrowth and scurried sliently thence; a circumstance which made him very

unhappy. The way was difficult and Amber tired. After a while, having seen nothing but the jackals, an owl or two, veveral thousand bats and a crawling thing which had lurched along in the shadow of a wall some distance away, giving an admirable imitation of a badly wounded man pulling bimself over the ground, and making strange guttural noises-Amber concluded to wait for the guide Naraini had promised him. He turned aside and scated himself upon the edge of a broken sandstone tomb. The silence was appalling and for relief he took refuge in cheap irreverence. "Home," he observed, aloud, "never was like this."

A heart-rending sigh from the tomb behind him was followed by a rattle "one'd think that, after taking all this of disloged rubbish. Amber found trouble to get me here, they'd changed himself unexpectedly in the middle of the street, and, without stopping to debate the method of his getting there with such unprecedented rapidity, looked back hopefully to the tomb. At the same moment a black-shrouded figure swept out of it and moved a few paces down the street, then paused and beckoned him with a gaunt arm. "I wish," said Amber, earnestly, "I

> had that gun." The figure was apparently that of s native swathed in black from his head to his heels and seemed the more strikingly peculiar in view of the fact that, as far as Amber could determine, he had neither eyes nor features although his head was without any sort of covering. He gulped over the proposition for an instant, then

> stepped forward. "Evidently my appointed cicerone," he considered. "Unquestionably this ghost-dance is excellently stage-managed. . . . Though, of course, I had to pick out that particular tomb."

He followed in the wake of the fig- other. ure, which sped on with a singular motion, something between a walk and a glide, conscious that his equanimity had been restored rather than shaken by the incident.

He held on in pursuit of the black shadow, passing forsaken temples and a lot of damage they did during the lordly pleasure houses, all marble tracery and fretwork, standing apart make those things mind him?" "-New in what had once been noble gardens, sunken tanks all weed-grown and rank with slime, humbler dooryards and cots on whose hearthstones the fires for centuries had been cold-his destination evidently the temple of the unspeakable Eye.

As they drew nearer the leading shadow forsook the shade of the walls which he seemed to favor, sweeping hastily across a plaza white with moonglare and without pause on into the black, gaping hole beyond the marble arch.

Here for the first time Amber hung back, stopping a score of feet from the door, his nerves a-jangle. He did not falter in his purpose; he was gowould be ever leave it? And the world was sweet to him.

He took firm hold of his reason and went on across the dark threshold. took three uncertain strides into the limitless unknown, and pulled up short, hearing nothing, unable to see a yard before him. Then with a terrific crash like a thunder-clap the great doors awang to behind him. He whirled about with a stifled cry, conscious of a mad desire to find the doors again, took a step or two toward them, paused to wonder if he were moving in the right direction, moved a little to the left, half turned and was lost. Reverberating, the echoes of the crash rolled far away until they were no more than as a whisper adrift in the silence, until that was gone.

Digging his nails into his palms, he waited; and in the suspense of dread began to count the seconds.

One minute . . . two . four . . He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. . . .

Seven . He passed a hand across his face and brought it away, wet with perspiration. . . . Nine . . .

In some remote spot a bell began to toll; at first slowly-clang! . clang! . clang!-then more quickly, until the roar of its sonorous, gong-like tones seemed to fill all the world and to set it a-tremble. Then, insensibly, the tempo became more sedate, the first clamor of it moderated, and Amber abruptly was alive to the fact that the bell was speaking-that its voice, deep, clear, sound, metallic, was rolling forth again and again a question couched in the purest Sanskrit: "Who is there?

there? . . . Who is there? . The hair lifted on his scalp and he swallowed hard in the effort to answer; but the lie stuck in his throat; he was not Rutton and . and it is very hard to lie effectively when you stand in stark darkness with a mouth dry as dust and your hair stirring at the roots because of the intensely impersonal and aloof accents of an inhuman bell-voice, tolling away out of nowhere.

"Who is there?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wants Longer Nights. "Have you joined the More Daylight club?" he asked.

"I should say not. It's all I can do now to get home before daylight," replied the old rounder.-Detroit Fre-

Loss of Appetite

Is loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and to often a forerunner of prostrating dis-

It is serious and especially so to people that must keep up and doing or get behindhand.

great constitutional remedy

The best medicine to take for it is the

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which purifies and enriches the blood and builds up the whole system.

NOT SYMPATHETIC.

Get it today in usual liquid form or chocolated tablets called Sarsatabs.



The Hospital Doctor-What did the farmer say when you fell out of his barn and broke your arm?

Tramp-Didn't say nothin'. He wuz too busy a-laughin'.

Astonished the "Cop." Police Lieutenant "Barney" Keleher always has a new story to tell. "Two of our 'finest' were walking along Broadway not so long ago," be-

gan the lieutenant, unfolding his latest offering, "and their attention was attracted to the bronze figure of an ape standing upright in the window of a large jewelry store.

"What kind of an animal is that supposed to be?" asked one of the

"You surprise me with your thickness,' returned the second cop. 'That's a gorilla. Never hear of them before?

"'Sure, and I read about them in the histories,' he answered. 'My, what Civil war! How did a general ever York Sun.

Hardly as Bad as That. The boy whose business it was to answer the telephone rushed into the room of the senior partner.

"Just got a message saying that your house was on fire," he said. "Dear me," returned the senior partner, in a bewildered sort of way. "I knew my wife was pretty hot about something when I left home this morning, but I didn't think it was so bad as to set the house on fire!"-Stray Stories.

The Facetious Farmer. "I am an actor out of work. Can you give me employment on your farm?"

"I can. But a day on a farm is no 20-minute sketch." "I understand that."

"All right. Youder is your room, When you hear a horn toot about 4 a. m. that's your cue."

Tramp Turned Down. "I haven't a place to lay my head." "Well, you can't leave it here."

It's what a woman doesn't know that worries her.

THE TEA PENALTY. 'A Strong Man's Experience.

Writing from a busy ratiroad town the wife of an employe of one of the great roads says:

"My husband is a railroad man who has been so much benefited by the use of Postum that he wishes me to express his thanks to you for the good it has done him. His waking hours are taken up with his work, and he has no time to write himself.

"He has been a great tea drinker all his life and has always liked it strong.

"Tea has, of late years, acted on him like morphine does upon most people. At first it soothed him, but only for an hour or so, then it began to affect his nerves to such an extent that he could not sleep at night, and he would go to his work in the morning wretched and miserable from the loss of rest. This condition grew constantly worse, until his friends persuaded him, some four months ago, to quit tea and use Postum.

"At first he used Postum only for breakfast, but as he liked the taste of it, and it somehow seemed to do him good, he added it to his evening meal. Then, as he grew better, he began to drink it for his noon meal, and now

he will drink nothing else at table. "His condition is so wonderfully improved that he could not be hired to give up Postum and go back to tea. His nerves have become steady and reliable once more, and his sleep is easy, natural and refreshing.

He owes all this to Postum, for he has taken no medicine and made no other change in his diet.

"His brother, who was very nervous from coffee-drinking, was persuaded by us to give up the coffee and use Postum and he also has recovered his health and strength." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs, "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.